



Tic Toc.



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Chapter 1 by Tailors <3

(This story is from the perspective of two people every 'Tic Toc Tic Toc' is a new perspective. Make it work)

Tic. Toc. Tic. Toc. Tic. Toc.

This in the only noise. I know no other. No other but the voice of my captor. Calm and Quiet. It usually sounds irritated. Unhappy. Broken.

Tic. Toc. Tic. Toc. Tic. Toc.

She can only hear the clock. Yes, she has heard me. That doesn't matter though. The clock is frustrating even for me. I am not her captor though. I am the servant. The captor will never show his face again. Ever.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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